

Here, pining with anguish, and almost lost in despair, Master *Headstrong* laid himself down on the cold ground; wearied as he was, endeavouring to take some rest; but no sooner did he close his eyes, than he heard a noise, like the howling of wild beasts in his ears—He rose and looked about him, but saw nothing—he lay down again, when he was roused as by the sounding of a thousand trumpets; and these noises were repeated

repeated every time he attempted to take any repose.

He rose at break of day, almost as much fatigued as ever—when, while he stood thinking for a moment (the first time he ever did so) which way he should travel, an old man appeared at his side, in whose countenance he thought he discovered the traces of that very disagreeable person who had so lately spoiled their mirth at the palace—“Detestable wretch!” cried *Headstrong*, “what dost thou here?”